

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

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**WILMINGTON JOURNAL.**  
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**PRICE & FULTON, PROPRIETORS.**

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No attention paid to any order unless the money accompanies it.

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OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

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Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the  
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**DAVID FULTON,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

**GILLESPE & ROBESON**

Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of

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Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

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AND

GENERAL AGENT,

Wilmington, N. C.

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R. W. Brown, Esq. }

Messrs. Woolsey & Woolsey, } New York.  
Richards, Bassett & Aborn, }

A. Richards, Esq. }

June 27, 1845. 41-4f

**EDWARD HEALY,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Hall & Armstrong's Wharf,

Wilmington, N. C.

June 13, 1845. 39-ly

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Manufacturer & Dealer in

HATS AND CAPS.

MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

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MERCHANT,

LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**WILLIAM COOPER,**

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Next door North of the New Custom-house,

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**ROBT. G. RANKIN,**

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WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends

in New York.

September 21, 1844. 1-4f

**WM. SHAW,**

Wholesale & Retail Druggist,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

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One door So. of Brown & DeRossett's, Water-st.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

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do do Subpoenas

do do Fi. Fas.

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do Branch Bank of the

State

Notes, negotiable at bank

Inspector's Certificates

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Any blank wanted and not on hand will be

printed with the utmost despatch.

Officers of the Courts and other officers, and

persons, requiring blanks, or any other

to the printing line would do well to give us

in their orders. We are determined

to execute our work well, and at the cheapest

cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE

the

**Leaf Tobacco.**

Has

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best

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of

**CHARLES BARR,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

TAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends in Wilmington and its vicinity, for the patronage so liberally bestowed him, for the last three years, while amongst them, and hopes, by strict attention to business, and every effort to accommodate, to merit a continuance of the same.

He has just returned from the Northern market with one of the finest STOCKS of GOODS that has ever been exhibited in this or any other town in the state, comprising every article usually kept in a Merchant Tailor's Store, consisting of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, of the newest styles, all of which will be found worthy of the attention of his friends. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

He has also on hand a full assortment of

**Ready-made Clothing.**

got up especially under his direction, while in Philadelphia, and he is disposed to sell them as cheap as any other house in town.

N.B.—He has also some of the finest workmen this country can produce, and all garments ordered at his establishment shall be warranted to give satisfaction.

October 3, 1845

**SOMETHING NEW IN WILMINGTON.**

**Clothes made as people want them.**

**James Richardson.**

THE BEST TAILOR that has ever been connected with the trade in this place, has quit the establishment of Chas. Barr, and intends taking a store opposite, on Market street, where he expects through the exercise of his industry and superior skill in the habiliatory art, to merit a liberal share of patronage.

Oct 2, 1845

**NO HOAX.**

**Charles Barr**

CANNOT boast of being the best TAILOR that has ever been connected with the trade in Wilmington, or of having made the grand tour, either of Europe or even of our own universal Yankee-doodle, but he can say, without flattery himself, that he is a **Master Workman**, and although he has not graduated from such splendid shops as Beau Bremmel, or Count D'Orsay loved to patronize, yet he pledges himself that all, who may honour him with their custom, shall secure a regular-built Southern fit; either Tight, Anti-Tight or Medium-fit.

He will also warrant all work that goes from his store, as being faithfully executed, and made up in a workmanlike style; and as he is in receipt of the earliest fashions he will be enabled to tickle the taste of the most fastidious.

**Not Ced.**

Wilmington, Oct 3, 1845.

**NOTICE!!**

THE subscribers take pleasure in informing their old customers and friends, and the public generally, that having just returned from New York, they can sell them **CHEAP for CASH** or **Country Produce**, either by wholesale or retail, the following articles, viz:

St. Croix Sugar,

P. R. do

N. O. do

Crushed do

Loaf do

Powdered do

Sperm Candles,

Admiral do

Tallow do

Canal Flour, barrels and Tubs

half barrels,

Mess and Prime Pork, Broad Axes,

Cut Nails and flooring Lard in kegs and half

brads,

44 Inch Bagging and Fine Salt in brls.

Rope,

Coopers Tools, spades, long & short handled shovels,

Negro Blankets & Cloths, Iron of any size or quan-

Single and Double bar-

relled Guns,

Wagon & Cart Boxes,

20 cases assorted shoes.

**SMITH & GAUSE.**

N. B.—They continue at their old stand, and will sell anything which may be sent to them.

Wilmington, Oct 3, 1845

**Boarding House.**

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform his friends that he will remove on the 10th of OCTOBER NEXT, to the house adjoining to and one door North of the

Hanover House, on Front street, where he will be prepared to receive those who may favor him with a call. His terms will be moderate, and he will endeavor to make transient boarders as comfortable

as if they were at home. He can always accommodate those who may have horses.

He would also inform his friends and the public at large, that his

**Livery Stables**

are in good order, and that careful

hostlers will always be ready to take

charge of Horses.

He keeps constantly on hand,

**HORSES and BUGGIES** for hire.

**DAVID THALLY.**

N. B.—Drivers can be well accommodated.

September 26th, 1845.

**Spring & Summer Arrangements**

**FOR 1846.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have entered into an agreement to furnish **WINE** to the Inhabitants of

Wilmington and the surrounding country the

ensuing season. We pledge ourselves to do so

without disappointment to any who may favor

us with their contracts or custom. Mr. Shaw

is now absent and will make arrangements

while in Boston for a supply of Wine to furnish

all who may wish it from April to the middle

of October.

**WM. SHAW.**

**A. PAUL REPTON.**

Sept 26th, 1845

**NOTICE.**

THE subscribers having formed a co-partnership

under the firm of

**BERNARD & CO.**

offer for sale, (at their stand two doors North of

R. H. Stanton & Co.) a select assortment of

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery,**

**&c., &c., &c.**

They will also attend to the sale of Country

produce.

**EDWARD J. BERNARD,**

**GEORGE P. GRANT,**

**RICHARD H. GRANT.**

Sept 15, (1845) 53-3m

**To Rent.**

THE dwelling known generally as

the Toomer house, nearly opposite the

residence of Capt. Ellis. For particulars

apply to

**J. A. SINTAS.**

Oct 10, 1845

**THE YOUNG MALEFACTOR.**

Douglas Jerrold in his London Magazine, is publishing the history of the lives of two boys, which presents an interesting contrast. One was born to wealth, rank, education, respectability and luxury, named St. James—the other to famine, ignorance, shame, vice and crime. The passage below indicates the state of mind of the latter, (who is called St. Giles), after having been capitally convicted of stealing St. James's poney.

Poor St. Giles!—now a boy in his fifteenth year, spawned upon the world and reared by daily wrong and ignorance, a morsel for the hangman. Now, a condemned thief, palsied and agast with terror, upon the very threshold of the world; to be flung therefrom, an offering to the majesty of offended law. Grim majesty—ghastly Moloch! Stately wickedness, with robes dyed in the blood of sinning ignorance! A majesty, that the principle of all evil may too often smile upon as its working genius here on earth. A majesty as cold and pulseless as the idol whose wooden nostrils know not the sacrifice, its darkened worshippers prepare it. But St. Giles will now know there is a government—a knot of the wise and good, whose harmonious souls combined make up the music of the State; the moral melody that softens and refines the rugged, dull-earred mass. He will now know this; the hangman will teach it him. A sharp, short lesson; the first and last prepared him by a paternal state.

'Guilty—death!' Such was the verdict. Tom Blast breathed heavily, and a faint smile flickered at his lips as he felt assured of his escape. Still he durst not turn his eye towards his boy-victim in the dock. Conscience was at the felon's heart; and seared, withered as it was, it felt the sudden horror of remorse. His features grew pale, then dark; were for a moment convulsed; then instantly—daring no look at St. Giles—he disappeared from the dock. The boy stared about him with a foolish gaze, and then began to sob. There was no terror—no anguish in his face. It was the grief of a boy doomed to a whipping, not the gibbet; and it was such sorrow—such seeming childish ignorance of the impending horror—that to those who looked upon him made his condition more terrible. And then again it seemed impossible that the sentence so sonorously uttered, should be carried out. Could it be that such an array of judges—such wisdom, such learning, such grave and reverend experience—should be opposed to a miserable child of no more self-accountability than a dog? Appalling odds! Could it be thought that the scene was a frightful reality of daily, breathing life? Was it not a grim farce—a hideous, foolish mockery of well-taught, well-tended, happy children—doom that child to death? That miserable item of human ignorance—that awful reproach to those who made laws to protect property, but left the outcast poor a headless prey to their own unbridled instincts? Nevertheless, the law would hang St. Giles; and grave, respectable, church-going men, in the very coziness of their ignorance, would clasp their hands, and raise their eyes, and pity and wonder at the wickedness of the new generation.

And young St. Giles lay in Newgate, sinking, withering, under sentence of death. After a time, he never cried or clamored; he shed no tear, breathed no syllable of despair; but, stunned, stupefied, seemed as if idiocy was growing on him. The ordinary—a good, zealous man—endeavored, by soothing, hopeful words, to lead the prisoner, as the jail phrase has it, to a sense of his condition. Never had St. Giles received such teaching! Condemned to die, he for the first time heard of the abounding love of Christianity—of the goodness and affection due from man to man. The story seemed odd to him; strange, yet he supposed it was all true. Nevertheless—he could not dismiss the thought, it puzzled him. Why had he never been taught all this before? And why should he be punished, hanged for doing wrong; when the good, rich, fine people, who all of them loved their neighbors like themselves, had never taught him what was right? Was it possible that Christianity was such a beautiful thing—and being so, was it possible that good, earnest, kind-hearted Christians would kill him?

St. Giles had scarcely eight-and-forty hours to live. It was almost Monday noon, when the ordinary—having attended the other prisoners—entered the cell of the boy thief. He had been separated, by the desire of the minister, from his miserable companions, that their evil example of hardihood—their reckless bravado—might not wholly destroy the hope of growing truth within him. A turnkey attended St. Giles, reading to him. And now the boy would raise his sullen eyes upon the man, as he read of promises of grace and happiness eternal; and now his heart would heave as though he was struggling with an inward

agony that seemed to suffocate him—and now a scornful, unbelieving smile would play about his mouth—and he would laugh with defying bitterness. And then he would leer in the face of the reader, as though he read to him some fairy tale, some pretty story, to amuse and gull him. Poor wretch! Let the men who guide the world—the large-brained politicians, who tinker the social scheme, making themselves the masters and guardians of their fellow-men—let them look into this Newgate dungeon; let them contemplate this blighted human bud; this child felon, never taught the path of right, and now to be hanged for his most sinful ignorance. What a wretched, sullen outcast! What a darkened, loathsome thing! And now comes the clergyman—the state divine, be it remembered—to tell him that he is treasured with an immortal soul; that with mercy shed upon him—he will in a few hours be a creature of glory before the throne of God! Oh, politicians! Oh, rulers of the world! Oh, law-making masters and taskers of the common million, may not this cast-off wretch, this human nuisance, be your accuser at the bar of Heaven? Eggregious folly! Impossible! What stars and garters impeached by rage and tatters! St. Giles denounced by St. Giles! Impudent and ridiculous! Yet here, we say, comes the reverend priest—the Christian preacher, with healing, honied words, whose Book—your Book—with angelic utterance, says no less. Let us hear the clergyman and his forlorn pupil.

'Well, my poor boy,' said the ordinary, with an affectionate voice and moistening eyes: 'well, my child, and how is it with you? Come, you are better; you look better; you have been listening to what your good friend, Robert, here, has been reading to you. And we are all your friends, here. At least, we all want to be. Don't you think so?'

St. Giles slowly lifted his eyes towards the speaker. He then slowly, sullenly answered: 'No, I don't.'

'But you ought to try to think so, my boy; it's wicked not to try,' said the ordinary, very tenderly.

'If you're all my friends, why do you keep me here?' said St. Giles. 'Friends! I never had no friends.'

'You must not say that; indeed, you must not. All our care is to make you quiet and happy in this world, that you may be happier in the world you're going to. You understand me, St. Giles? My poor dear boy, you understand me? The world you're going to?'

The speaker, inured as he was to scenes of blasphemy, of brute indifference and remorseful agony, was deeply touched by the forlorn condition of the boy; who could not, would not understand a tenderness, the end of which was to surrender him softened to the hangman. 'You have thought, my dear—I say, you have thought of the world—and the minister paused—the world you are going to?'

'What's the use of thinking about it?' asked St. Giles. 'I know nothing of it.'

'That, my boy, is because you are obstinate, and I am sorry to say it, wicked—and so won't try to know about it. Otherwise, if you would give all your heart and soul to prayer—'

'I tell you, sir, I never was learnt to pray,' cried St. Giles, moodily; 'and what's the use of praying?'

'You would find it open your heart, St. Giles; and though you see nothing now, if you were only to pray long and truly, you would find the darkness go away from your eyes, and you'd see such bright and beautiful things about you, and you'd feel as light and happy as if you had wings at your back—you would, indeed. Then you'd feel that all we are doing for you is for the best; then my poor boy,' said the ordinary with growing fervor; 'then you'd feel what Christian love is.'

'Robert's been reading to me about that,' said St. Giles, 'but I can't make it out now. He says that Christian love means that we shouldn't do to nobody what we wouldn't like nobody to do to ourselves.'

'A good boy,' said the ordinary, 'that is the meaning, though not the words. I'm glad you've so improved.'

'And for all that, you tell me that I must think of dying—think of another world and all that—think of Tyburn, and, and—here the boy fell hoarse; his face turned ash-color, and reeling, he was about to fall, when the ordinary caught him in his arms, and again placed him on a seat. 'It's nothing—notin' at all,' cried St. Giles, struggling with himself—'I'm all right; I'm game.'

'Don't say that, child; I can't hear you say that: I would rather see you in tears and pain than trying to be game, as you call it. That, my boy, is only adding crime to wickedness. Come, we were talking about Christian love,' said the ordinary.

'I know nothin' about it,' said St. Giles; 'all I know is this—it isn't true; it can't be true.'

'Tell me, why not? Come, let me hear all you



sed for ever from the world? The proud thought glowed within him—made his heart heavy—and his eyes sparkle. And then he looked about his cell, and the utter hopelessness of the thought fell upon him, withering his heart. Yet again—although to be crushed with new despair—he gazed about him, dreaming of liberty without that wall of flint. And thus his waking hours passed; and thus, in the visions of the night, his spirit busied itself in hopeful vanity.

The Tuesday morning came, and again, the clergyman visited the prisoner. The boy looked paler, thinner—no more. There was no softness in his eyes, no appealing glance of hope; but a fixed and stubborn look of inquiry. 'He didn't know nothing of what the parson had to say, and he didn't want to be bothered. It was all gammon!' These were the words of the boy felon, then—such was the humanity of the law; poor law! what a long nonage of discretion has it passed!—then within a day's span of the grave.

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, nay, passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor. 'My dear boy—my poor child—miserable helpless creature!—the grave is open before you—the sky is opening above you!—Die without repentance, and you will pass into the grave, and never—never know immortal blessings! Your soul will perish—perish as I have told you—in fire, in fire eternal!'

St. Giles swayed his head to and fro, and with a sneer asked, 'What's the good of all this! Haven't you told me so, Mister, agin and agin?'

'The ordinary groaned almost in despair, yet still renewed his task. "The heavens," I tell you, are open for you: repent, my child; repent, my poor boy, and you will be an immortal spirit welcomed by millions of angels.'

St. Giles looked with bitter incredulity at his spiritual teacher. 'Well if all that's true,' he said, 'it isn't so hard to be hanged arter all. But I don't think the nobles like me so well, as to send me to such a place as that.'

'Nay, my poor boy,' said the ordinary, 'you will not, cannot understand me, until you pray. Now, kneel—my dear child, kneel and let us pray together.' Saying this, the ordinary fell upon his knees; but St. Giles, folded his arms, so planted himself as to take firmer root of the ground; and so he stood with moody, determined looks, whilst the clergyman—touched more than was his wont—poured forth a compassionate prayer that the heart of the young sinner might be softened; that it might be turned from stone into flesh, and become a grateful sacrifice to the throne of God.

And whilst this prayer, in deep and solemn tones, rose from the prison-cell, he for whom the prayer was formed, seemed to grow bolder, more obdurate, with every syllable. Still he refused to bend his knee at the supplication of the clergyman, but stood eyeing him with a mingled look of incredulity, defiance and contempt. 'God help you—poor lost lamb!' cried the ordinary, as he rose.

'Now, I hope we shall have no more of that,' was the only answer of St. Giles.

The ordinary was about to quit the cell, when the door was opened, and the governor of the jail, attended by the head turnkey, entered. 'My dear sir, I am glad to find you here—said the governor to the ordinary. 'I have a pleasing duty to perform: a duty that I know it will delight you to witness.' The ordinary glanced at a paper held by the governor; his eyes brightened; and clasping his hands he fervently uttered—'Thank God!'

The governor then turned to St. Giles, who suddenly looked anxious and restless. 'Prisoner,' he said, 'it is my happiness to inform you that his gracious Majesty has been mercifully pleased to spare your life. You will not suffer with the unfortunate men to-morrow. You understand me, boy—for St. Giles looked suddenly stupefied—'you understand me, that the good King, whom you should ever pray for, has, in the hope that you will turn from the wickedness of your ways, determined to spare your life? You will be sent out of the country, and time given you that, if you properly use, will make you a good and honest man.' St. Giles made no answer, but trembled violently from head to foot. Then his face flushed red as flame, and covering it with his hands, he fell upon his knees; and the tears ran streaming through his fingers. 'Pray with me; pray for me!' he cried, in a broken voice, to the ordinary.

**Justice at Last.**—We learn from the German journals that Genoa is about to erect a statue of Columbus, and that the King of Sardinia has subscribed 50,000 francs for that purpose. No man has been more hardly dealt with than this great navigator. After having given, in the words of his epitaph 'a new world to Castile and Leon,' he was cheated by an adventurer out of the honor of naming it, and now three centuries and a half after his immortal discovery, his native city is just thinking of erecting a monument to his fame.

**A Mathematical Boy.**—A private letter from a friend in the interior of Vermont contains the following sentence:—'Within two or three weeks I have been preparing the manuscript of an Almanac for 1846, the astronomical calculations of which were made by a boy nine and a half years old, a resident in Royalton, Vt. His name is Safford, and his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy is truly astonishing.'

[Boston Paper.]

**Not to be beat.**—The following stump speech is taken from the Tennessee Whig, published at Jonesboro' and is about as high flown a specimen of the highly concentrated style of stump speaking so fashionable in the Southwest, as we have seen in a twelvemonth. As such productions are rarely met with, we give it an insertion:

**Fellow citizens:**—I didn't come here to make a speech at this time, but just to distinguish myself as a candidate. Gentlemen, I am the floating candidate for the superfluous district, and I only want to make a few remarks at this time. A good many of you, gentlemen, has never seen me before, and I merely want to state my views upon the question to be agitated. Gentlemen, I was born in the county of Sullivan, and fetched up in Knox, without parentage, and if it hadn't been for the goodness of several gentlemen, who took me when an orphan boy at 21 years of age, and gave me education, I might have been ignorant as the common people, or you, gentlemen.

Gentlemen, my father was a patriarch of the revolution, and I am a patriarch. Gentlemen, my father stained the wall of America with his blood, and when General Jackson killed the Indians at New Orleans, I waded up to my knees in mud. Gentlemen, I am opposed to Nullification. Gentlemen, I would rather be a gally pot slave than to be a Nullifier. Gentlemen, I ain't got time to give you my views now, and I will call on you a few days; but gentlemen, there was a set of big Bugs here who are trying to put me down, but, gentlemen, I defy 'em. Gentlemen, I have always been for liberty, independence and glory: Gentlemen, I hope to be delivered out of the hands of the bull rushes.

Gentlemen, it will be surmised that I should revulge my views of State policy. I go against the whole allegation of public improvements, in closing this Cincinnati, Tennessee, Charleston Road of rails. General Jackson says the scheme won't do, and it is reasonable. Gentlemen three or four monstrous parties are now forming in our country, federalist, nullifiers, republicans & democrats. Federalists are so called from one Frederick, King of all the Russians, and are in favor of burning blue-lights on the sea-coast, instead of the common whale oil, and they go for holding all conventions at Hartford. Nullifiers are opposed to the sovereignty of the old thirteen States, and go in for a grand confederacy in the South. Republicans are for putting down the doctrine of instructions, and usurping the ballot box.

Democrats are opposed to calling Mr. Van Buren home from Bogota in England, and are of the real Jackson grit, and go the whole hog for silver and gold. Gentlemen, this is my doctrine, and here is an English half dollar I have just drawn from my pocket, on which is described my motto, in one of the dead languages, and the motto of every true grit American, 'Eplericity Newman!'—and which being interpreted means, a plurality of new men for office! Gentlemen, I acknowledge my indulgence to you for your kind obligations to me on this eventful period. Gentlemen, cross over the way with me, and we will get the worth of this half dollar in something that will review our acquaintance.

**Save the Pennies.**—The people along the way, from Medford to Camden, (N. J.) were, a few days since, struck by a singular phenomenon in the road. For miles together, there was a regular deposit of cents; and as there were no claimants, the people who 'lived by the way,' turned out to gather up the droppings, and a pretty 'collection' was taken up. For miles there were receivers. The road and ruts were trodden close, and even the charcoal men, who invariably sleep on their coal in the progress downward, were wide awake. It appears that a bag containing ten thousand cents, had been put on the top of a stage, and after some shaking, either the string broke, or a hole was worn. One of the pennies, not having any particular attachment to the sack, popped out, and so each followed his file leader, until the bag was empty and the road well lined.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

**Political Complexion of the next Congress.**—Both branches of the next Congress will contain a decided majority of the friends of the Administration. Vacancies in the Senate are to be filled by New-Hampshire, Virginia, Indiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and their Legislatures are of the same party. So that the full Senate will probably comprise 24 Whigs and 30 Democrats—making 54 majority. There are 8 vacancies in the House, viz: four from Mississippi, one from Florida, and one (to fill vacancies) from each of the States of Louisiana, New-Hampshire, and Massachusetts. There is no doubt of the election of 4 Democrats in Mississippi, (as the choice is by general ticket,) one in Louisiana, and one in Florida. Leaving New-Hampshire and Massachusetts out, and they do not seem likely to elect, the House will contain, according to the tables in the Journal of Commerce, 133 Democrats, 78 Whigs, & 8 Native—total 219. Majority over Whigs and Natives, 64. Showing a Whig gain of four members, and a Democratic loss of ten, compared with the old Congress when elected. Sundry changes were subsequently made, mostly in favor of the Whigs. Of the members of the last House who voted against Gen. McKay's bill to reduce the Tariff of 1842, forty-five are re-elected; and of those who voted for it, 57.

**Some of Bradbury's Nonsense.**—Jemima! marm, what d'ye think Sal told Ned Bobbles last night, when he was parkin' her?

'Shut up child, what are you talking about?'

'No, but I hearn her, I did. She told Ned Bobbles she kinder felt—'

'Hush you little rascal! Hush, or I'll take your scalp off! and poor Sally looked red as a boiled lobster.'

'Oh, git out, Sal, I will tell! She told Ned Bobbles she kinder felt scared to death, and tickled too!'

## THE JOURNAL

Friday, October 24, 1845.

**Error Corrected.**—In our paper of last Friday the CLARENDON HORSE GUARDS are notified to meet at 9 o'clock, 'Friday Evening next.' It should have been Friday MORNING next. The parade will take place at 9 o'clock this morning.

**The Boat failed to arrive from Charleston on Wednesday, in consequence of bad weather, we presume. It blew a gale from the North East, on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning.**

**Common School Fund.**—Below we give the amount which is due to each of the counties in this district from the Common School Fund, on the 1st of September, viz: It will, or has been paid over to the respective Chairmen of the County Board of Superintendents:

County	Amount
New-Hanover	\$950 13
Bladen	588 38
Brunswick	389 77
Columbus	279 87
Duplin	892 64
Jones	337 98
Lenoir	541 40
Onslow	618 22
Rebecson	814 45
Sampson	917 09

**County Meetings.**—The time is rapidly approaching when we will again be called upon to select a candidate for the first office in the State. In the number before last of the Journal, we gave our views at some length, on the subject of a State Convention. We then gave it as our opinion, that it is the only and best mode of determining, satisfactorily, who the Democrats of North Carolina would cordially concentrate their strength upon, in the coming campaign. In these views, we are glad to see that the Democratic presses of North Carolina concur. We then suggested some day early in February, as a suitable time for holding the Convention. We have been since confirmed by reflection, that this will be as soon as it will be at all practicable. In this view, we would urge upon the people of this district, the propriety of holding their county meetings at the earliest moment. Some day certain in February, must be fixed upon for holding the State Convention. We would take the liberty of suggesting the TWENTY-SECOND—a day dear to us all, and one well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of freemen. This, as we have said before, is, we think, as early a period, as can, with propriety, be fixed upon. We would therefore earnestly urge upon our friends in the surrounding counties, to hold their meetings as soon as possible. Let us be up and doing. North Carolina is thoroughly Democratic, and it only requires us to do our duty between this and August next, in order to demonstrate this fact to the world. Her own son now presides over the destinies of the Union, with an ability which has already gained for him the respect of his opponents, and the love and increased confidence of his friends. The great principles of right and justice, upon which the present administration is acting, are better understood by the people of North Carolina, than at any anterior period. The minds of the people are more thoroughly aroused to a sense of their own interests and rights, than they have ever been before. Federal knavery and chicanery can no longer enthrall the good sense of North Carolinians. The spell is broken. Let us, then, as Democrats, do our duty. Let us enter into the contest with that enthusiasm and confidence which the justice and truth of our cause are so well calculated to inspire. Let us work like men, and a triumph, the most brilliant and decisive, will be the glorious consequence. To ensure this, concert and promptness of action are necessary. We call then, respectfully, but earnestly, upon our friends, to hold their county meetings forthwith. Let the meetings be full, and let them speak out their sentiments boldly, on this important subject.

**Prospect of the Cotton Planters.**—The late advices from Europe show that Cotton is dull, nevertheless, we cannot but think that the prospect of the Cotton planter is good for getting a fair remuneration for his labor, during the coming year; at least, we think prices will improve. It is now demonstrated by actual experiment, that England cannot derive any of her supplies of this material from India. She has expended millions of dollars in the vain attempt to force its production in her own possessions, but has failed. The quantity which she gets from Egypt is comparatively nothing. To the United States, especially, since the annexation of Texas, must she, as well as all Europe, look for supplies of this great staple. And when we take into consideration, the vast increase which is daily making in the consumption of Cotton—how extensively, beyond what was hitherto dreamt of, fabrics constructed 'in part or in whole,' of this material, are becoming the garments of the civilized world—we cannot but think that the demand for the raw material will even more than keep pace with its increased production. Indeed, articles made from the contents of our cotton bolls, are destined to form the clothing of the civilized world. When we reflect that, within the confines of our own territory, cotton must, for ages to come, be produced, we think the future prospects of the Southern States are bright indeed. Without the products of our cotton fields, England could not get along for a single twelvemonth. She must have them. The same is, in some degree, applicable to France and the German States. We hold in our own hands, the control of the greatest source of commercial greatness of the most prosperous nations in Europe.

**Ohio Election.**—Little has yet been heard from Ohio. What has been heard is glorious for democracy. The city of Cincinnati has been redeemed. She is now, for the first time in years, democratic by a small majority.

### Pennsylvania Election.

An election for Governor, and members of the General Assembly, was held on the 19th inst. The result has been a glorious one for Democracy. The General Assembly has been elected by a majority of between twenty-five and thirty thousand majority. In the city of Philadelphia, Swift, whig, has been elected Mayor by a majority of about 400 over the Natives, and about 1000 over the Democratic candidate. We learn from the Philadelphia papers that a good many Democrats voted for Swift, Whig, thinking that their so doing was the only way to defeat Keyser, the Native candidate. In the county of Philadelphia, Democracy has been completely triumphant, returning a Senator and eight Representatives, instead of all natives last year. The Senate of Pennsylvania is composed of 33 members, one-third of whom have been elected this year. It will stand 18 democrats to 15 whigs—democratic majority, 3. The House consists of 100 members, 63 of whom will be democrats, or a democratic majority of 26—last year, only 4. This result is glorious in every light. It has put a complete extinguisher on the hopes and wishes of the natives. It has literally annihilated that mongrel bigoted party. They have failed to elect a single representative. But it is chiefly glorious in that it exhibits the confidence which this great State has in the present administration. And we think that it augurs well for the support which Pennsylvania will give Mr. Polk in carrying out the principles of the Baltimore resolutions. No one now doubts, but that Mr. Polk, with the advice of his Cabinet, too, intends recommending to the next Congress, the reduction of the Tariff to a revenue standard; and this gallant victory, which the Democracy of the Keystone State has achieved over Federalism, we take it is good evidence that she will support him in carrying out his views on this subject.

**Florida Election.**—The returns from the election for Representative in Florida, come in slowly, says the Floridian of the 1st instant. Enough is known, however, to make it almost certain that Brockenbrough, (dem.) is elected over Cabell, (whig.) The Floridian seems to think that the democratic majority will not be so large as was anticipated, owing to special and extrinsic causes.

**BAD TIMES FOR BROKERS AND MONEY SAVERS.**

Perhaps there has been no such bad times since the United States became an independent republic, for that blood-sucking race of mortals called brokers, alias shavers, than the last three years. The exchanges have been so regular. Depreciated bank paper has been so completely driven out of market—business has assumed such a healthy, legitimate action, that these vultures on the body politic, have been unable, for some time, to keep skin and bone together—more of the same to them—and all this, too, without a United States Bank. We clip the following paragraph from the Journal of Commerce. We hope that the brokers may long continue the same complaints, from the same cause:

**A Broker's Complaint.**—We happened to be present yesterday when one of our most respectable brokers was uttering his complaint of the miserable state of things in Wall street. 'Every thing,' said he, 'is prosperous, but the business of Wall street. People engaged in agriculture are doing well; in commerce, and in manufactures, they are all making money; but in Wall street, since the U. S. Bank went down, every thing is so close; the exchanges are only one-eighteenth or one-sixteenth per cent; at home and abroad they are just at par, so that there is nothing to be made by them, and money—it is a drug. I was offered it to-day at five per cent, but I could make nothing by it. There is no such poor place as Wall street.'

**THE TARIFF.**

We find the following passage in the letter of the Washington correspondent in the New York Journal of Commerce. We perceive that the opinion of this letter writer is now the prevalent one, even among the tariffites themselves. We quote the opinion below, because it is from the pen of a neutral writer, and therefore more apt to be correct:

'I am perfectly confident, from all that I have observed, that the Democratic party, as a party, aided by some of the Southern Whigs, will unite in a very thorough and essential modification and reduction of the present Tariff. The interests which are protected by the Tariff, ought not to seek now for a permanent and natural system. Competition, under the present system, will soon work their ruin very effectually, while, under a modified system, they might enjoy permanent advantages. Profits would be reduced by the proposed change, and so will they be by the ruinous competition which extravagant profits have excited in the cotton and iron business. The sugar interest, it is now believed, will submit to a reduction. An increase of consumption might follow it, and be ultimately as beneficial to them as the present high duty.'

**To Builders and Architects.**—We are requested to state that estimates will be received at Dr. Berry's office, for building the Roman Catholic Church in the town of Wilmington. Those desirous of obtaining the job, are informed that it is intended to commence the building immediately, and therefore the sooner estimates are sent in, the better. Particulars as to dimensions, terms, &c., may be known by calling on Dr. Wm. A. Berry. We are requested to state that it will be a frame building.

**The Potatoes War.**—The Factory girls in Pittsburgh, Pa., have lately struck for the ten hour system, and have waged a war almost of extermination, upon some of their fellow-laborers, because they still worked on. The papers speak of it as one of the most rich and rare scenes which the world ever saw, to see these young Amazons storming the Factories and pelting the proprietors and the Mayor, who tried to quell them, with mud and mire. We should think these Pittsburgh girls would 'lick' their husbands, if ever they should get any.

**Under the name of Democracy.**—We really cannot say any good words for the writer's working himself into such a passion. We were charged with a 'wrong print' in the Chronicle of the 15th inst. Now this charge being utterly unfounded, we thought it our right and our duty to repeat it. This, we did, in as small bounds as we could. The 'individual,' in reply, does not pretend to contradict our facts, but merely abuses as a little, always the resort of those who have nothing to say to the point. But we are in a good humor, and don't mind the ruffled feathers of the 'individual.' As to the 'insinuation,' we would merely say that the 'individual' has shown quite a praiseworthy adroitness in its application. We do not feel any disposition to get into a quarrel, and would therefore request the 'individual' to show us where we were wrong in our facts or inferences, from facts, if he can; until then, we must quit the subject.

**The Mormons.**—We learn that the Mormon disturbances are in a great measure settled, and that this people, amounting to some six or seven thousand, have determined to remove beyond the Rocky Mountains next spring. We hope, for the honor of our institutions, that these poor people will be permitted to live in peace in the new home which they are about to select for themselves.

**Magnetic Telegraph.**—One of the uses to which it is proposed to apply the Magnetic Telegraph is, that through it information can be conveyed from one portion of the Union to another of approaching storms. It can be ascertained what direction the storm is about to take, and then the Telegraph is put in operation to warn the region of country over which it is about to travel, of its intended visit. So that ere long, we would not be surprised to see farmers, 'specially in fodder pulling time, commence "fixing up," whilst the sky was as bright and as clear as you please, in anticipation of a storm, of whose existence they had been informed in advance by the Telegraph. So the world goes.

**Population of New York.**—The Journal of Commerce gives the returns of 30 counties, of the population of the State of New York, according to the census now being made, from which it appears that the gain in five years is 156,983. There are 59 counties in all, in the State, and the Journal of Commerce estimates that the total increase will be about 250,000 over 1840, when the last census was taken, making the whole present population of the State, 2,670,000—nearly as much as the population of the thirteen United States, when they declared their independence.

### Late from Texas.

We find the following items of Texas news in the New Orleans Courier of the 13th instant:

By the schooner Florida from Galveston, we have received papers of that place.

It appears the crops are very favorable. It is believed that the exports will exceed those of any preceding year.

The newspapers express a good deal of mistrust in the friendship of the Indians, and call upon the government of the United States to remove them.

A great democratic meeting was held at Galveston on the 2d instant for the purpose of organizing the party for the approaching election. The resolutions express great satisfaction at the annexation of the republic to the United States, and declare what is very true, that it is a democratic measure, carried into effect by the democracy of the country.

It is stated that General Taylor arrested several Mexicans as spies, and although he had strong evidence against them, yet he permitted them to go at large, under the impression that their reports of the condition of his camp would do no harm.

There are Mexican emissaries among the negroes on the Colorado, who have shown a spirit of insubordination.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

**Arrival of the Great Britain.**

The steamer Great Britain arrived at New York on Wednesday, the 15th instant, bringing European dates up to the 27th Sept.

The intelligence brought by the Great Britain is mainly interesting from its commercial importance. From the New York Journal of Commerce we glean the following:

'Cotton was dull—corn brisk, and prospects of large importations from this country. The weather had not been favorable, and the crops were defective, including potatoes. Not only was this the case in England, but to a considerable extent on the Continent.'

The grain crop in England, although not an entire failure, is not near so good as was anticipated at previous dates, in consequence of which, as well as of the confirmation that the wheat crop has also failed in Russia, bread stuffs in Great Britain were rapidly going up.

The following is from the Liverpool Times of the 26th Sept:—

'At the closing of the last packet, we stated that the wet weather, after an interval of nearly three weeks, had returned; and that the outstanding crops, which it was believed were in small quantity, would suffer seriously by the change. The accounts from the northern parts of the kingdom speak despondingly of the injurious effects of the change; and it now appears that the progress made in cutting and housing the produce of the fields, during the continuance of warmth and sunshine, was not so great as had been anticipated. The price of grain is rising rapidly, as a glance at our market returns will show. Even at the present moment there is a good deal of outstanding produce in the field. The fine weather has again returned, but the season is too far advanced to permit the sun to have much power, and no doubt can exist, that the husbandman who did not "take time by the forelock," when the opportunity offered, will suffer severely by his indolence. With the rise of the markets, fears respecting the coming winter begin to prevail.

The failure of the potato crop is almost general, and to meet the deficiency which that calamity has occasioned, large quantities of rice and bond grain have been taken out of bond, for transshipment to France, Holland and Belgium. Notwithstanding the fact of the markets rising, the averages are descending, owing to the large quantities of inferior grain the produce of the present harvest, which have been thrown upon the markets. But in the teeth of the unpromising appearances which are abroad the rage for speculation in every

description of raw materials, and in all commodities without any exception, is still going on. It is said, however, that the more numerous will be provisionally registered, as the number which are already before the public are more than sufficient to get through in the next season.

Now that circumstances render it particularly apparent, that supplies of food must be had from some quarter, all eyes are turned to the Atlantic, and fears prevail that the late orders which have been sent to America will make the season, and arrive after the expiration of the St. Lawrence has been closed by the ice. Much will, of course, depend upon the season when the frost sets in, and, if the weather is favorable, there is little doubt, that handsome fortunes will be made by those who have speculated largely in "bread stuffs." What ever quantities may come from the United States, will also find a ready sale, either in this country or on the continent. The recent accounts from the Union, represent the season as having been favorable for the grain crops. An opportunity now exists which rarely occurs, of sending produce of that description to Europe, with the certainty of finding a ready and a rising market. It is deeply to be regretted that, instead of an uncertain and unstable traffic, the nature of our laws prevents the demand from being regular and uniform. But such a desideratum is on the eve of accomplishment.

**Liverpool Cotton Market, Sept. 26.**—There is no alteration whatever to notice in the price of cotton this week. The demands, which has been moderate only, has been fairly met by holders, but there has been no pressing to sell. 6500 American have been taken on speculation; and 4000 American, 3000 Purnama and 200 Egyptian for export. 150 Egyptian, 300 Barbados and 800 Madras are declared for auction on Friday next. The total number of sales during the week amount to 26,400 bales. Other reports say, a general dullness has pervaded the market during the week, the trade having purchased sparingly, and speculators only to a moderate extent. Nevertheless, prices do not perceptibly give way, though in some instances rather lower rates have been accepted.

### Better than usual.

It is seldom that we find anything in the English papers approaching towards decency and fairness, when speaking of this country. Low, scurrilous abuse, is generally the staple of every thing which they say and write about America. The following paragraph is couched in a more sensible and liberal spirit than most we have seen for some time:

'But after all it would be the very wantonness of folly and pugnacity for two such countries as England and the United States to waste their strength and energies and means in fighting about a distant, bleak, and barren country, which an amicable arrangement could so divide between them as to find ample room and to spare for all the settlers whom they can send into it for generations to come. But we will not anticipate that the troubled spirits of the Politicians will be able to drive their more sober minded countrymen into any such extreme madness. A war between England and the United States would be the greatest calamity which could afflict the civilized world. Although under different forms of government, they are the two guardians of freedoms yet in store for all mankind, and it would be a feast to the despots of the earth to see them weakening and tearing each other to pieces in mad and senseless hostilities. It must not be. We are only not American, because we are English, but next to the prosperity and welfare of our own country, our aspirations and wishes are for the happiness of our brethren in the United States. They are of the same blood, and the same language, and the same interests. For two centuries we have labored to each other to talk of drawing sword against almost any provocation.'—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

### DEMOCRATIC DOINGS.

The efforts now in progress in several States of the Union to amend their respective State constitutions, are a pregnant sign of the times. They show that the principles of the democratic party in the country are daily strengthening their grasp on the public mind. In the great State of New York, this Constitutional Reform movement has taken the most definite shape, and is rapidly approaching a successful consummation. It is not in form, perhaps, strictly a party movement; but a single glance at the leading objects of the reformers, is enough to ascertain the party principles with which those purposes are in sympathy, and out of which they spring.

In New York, the party of constitutional reform propose to limit the official patronage of the State government—to restrict the power of the legislature to pledge the credit of the State—to reform the present judiciary system and to abolish the present unjust and oppressive privileges of moneyed corporations. These are the main practical objects of the movement; and no long examination of debates, or careful scrutiny of votes in the legislature, is needed to indicate to us the party in which such an effort took its rise, and by which it will be sustained. Its democratic character and line are written on its forehead.

It may well be that the whigs of New York will make a show of co-operation in the measure. The whig party is the party of expedients. It may, for a time, affect a seal for constitutional reform, as one of the expedients which it knows so well how to adopt and employ. It may, too, urge the call of a Constitutional Convention, in the hope of appealing successfully to the sympathies of the anti-reformers, or of the abolitionists, in some sections of the State, and so gaining a temporary predominance in the State government. That such expectations are entertained, the course of some of the whig journals makes manifest, even to the eye of a distant observer. But we believe that, in all such anticipations, the whigs are doomed to sure and signal disappointment. The democracy of New York watches with a vigilant eye over the success of its favorite measure. It is too deeply pledged to its ancient democratic faith, and too deeply imbued with its ancient democratic feelings, to be found remiss, or slothful, or negligent, when its highest interests and its brightest hopes are thus put in jeopardy. It knows full well—none better than it, the democracy of the "Empire State"—that the whig party is at heart the party of conservatism—not the conservatism of great principles, for which the democratic party will fight to the death—not a conservatism of all good in theory, and found valuable in practice—but of that selfish and blind conservatism, which shuts the door on every just knowledge, and the democracy of New York will not be caught sleeping. This ground of constitutional reform is their's because it is truly the measure of the hour, and while they fight out its battle against the attacks of open foes, they will equal zeal and assiduity, shield it from the strangling embrace of pretended friends.

[Washington Union.]







